

**NOTICE.—EVERY UMBRELLA**

of our manufacture has **OUR NAME** upon the inside label, and **FOX'S** Stamp and Trade Mark upon the frame.—**DUNKERLEY & FRANKS** 7, Swan Street, New Cross, Manchester.

**6, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.**  
Royal Exchange.

**WORKS: STOCKPORT.**

**THOMAS & TAYLOR,**  
**LAUNDRY AND DAIRY ENGINEERS,**  
SEE MARGINS.

**16, 18, & 20, CHAPEL STREET, Salford.**

OUR  
**Patent**  
**ECCENTRIC**  
COMBINED  
**WASHING,**  
**WRINGING,**  
AND  
**Mangling**  
**MACHINES**

Do their work remarkably easily and efficiently.

Do not injure the most delicate fabrics, as they are entirely without internal mechanism

May be worked by a child six years old, when loaded with two blankets or a dozen shirts.

—  
**ESTIMATES**  
AND  
**PLANS**  
(Free of Cost)

FOR  
**FITTING UP**  
**LAUNDRIES**

Complete,  
EITHER FOR STEAM  
OR HAND POWER.

—  
**SPECIAL**  
**ATTENTION**  
GIVEN TO  
**SHIPPING**  
**ORDERS.**



ONE PENNY  
No. 107 Vol. III.

**CITY**

**JACKDAW**



**BILLIARDS.**

**EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN BILLIARD REQUISITES.**

Full-sized French Ash Cues, 2s. 11d., worth 4s. 6d.; Ditto, Spliced, 4s. 6d., worth 8s. 6d.; Ivory Balls, 22s. 6d. per set, worth 50s.; Chalks, 4s. 6d. per gross; Billiard and Semi-Billiard Tables delivered at once; Payments Monthly; Several Second-hand in stock; Illustrated Catalogues post free.—**OWEN'S, 15, Piccadilly, corner of Oldham Street.**

OUR  
**Patent**  
**ECCENTRIC**  
**CHURN**

Produces more and better butter than any other churn.

Is marvellously easy to work.

Is very easily cleansed.

Is not liable to get out of order.

—  
**AFTER A**  
**SEVERE TRIAL**

**THIS CHURN**  
Received the Only

**PRIZE**  
Given for large churns at the

**ROYAL**  
**SOCIETY'S**  
**MEETING,**  
At Manchester.

—  
Churns always in stock, to make from 1lb. to 440lbs. of butter.

—  
**6, Market-st.**  
Royal Exchange,  
**MANCHESTER;**  
**16, 18, & 20,**  
**CHAPEL-ST.,**  
**Salford.**

ESTABLISHED  
116 YEARS.

**KENT'S**

LOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.  
**CELEBRATED**

**WATCHES.**

**DEANSGATE.**

**THOMAS ARMSTRONG AND BROTHER,**  
**OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,**  
**88 & 90, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.**

Spectacles carefully Adapted to all Defects of Vision.

Artificial Eyes carefully Fitted.

In one moment the **CHIRETTA BALSAM** relieves the most violent COUGH, cures BRONCHITIS in its worst form, 1s. 11d. per Bottle. Patentee, METHUEN (late Bowker and Methuen), 552, DEANSGATE. Sold by most Chemists.

# THE WONDERFUL SOAP.

W. LOWE & CO., Sole Makers of the PURE GOLD WATER SOAP. No Rubbing, Boiling, Bluing, or any Solution required. Every Bar Stamped, and Trade Mark Registered. Ask your Grocer for it, and see you get it.—W. LOWE & CO., 48, DALE STREET, MANCHESTER.

2

THE CITY JACKDAW.

NOVEMBER 30, 1877.

## THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S TREASURY OF RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, AND READINGS,

ADAPTED FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, BANDS OF HOPE, SOCIETIES, AND HOME READING.

PRICE OF EACH NUMBER, ONE PENNY.

### CONTENTS OF No. 1.

POEMS.—Steer, Father, Straight to Me—J. R. Robinson. Eyes and Nose—Cowper. The Poppy—Jane Taylor. The Uncommon Old Man. My First Grief—Mrs. Hemans. Father William's Old Age, and Why he Enjoyed it—Southey. There's a Good Time Coming—MacKay. My Father's at the Helm—Anon.  
PROSE READINGS.—The Ettrick Shepherd's Dog. Foundering of the Steamer "London" in the Bay of Biscay.  
DIALOGUE.—"White Lies;" for three girls.

### CONTENTS OF No. 2.

POEMS.—The Countryman's Reply to the Invitation of a Recruiting Sergeant—Anon. Paddle Your Own Canoe—Anon. Trust in God and do the Right—Rev. Norman Macleod. The Grindstone—Edwin Waugh. My Mother—Ann Taylor. Who Made Them? The Shepherd Boy's Song—Bunyan.  
DIALOGUE.—The Way of Eternal Life, from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

### CONTENTS OF No. 3.

POEMS.—The Pebble and the Acorn—Miss Gould. The Sunday School—John Critchley Prince. The Shoemaker—H. F. G. Hodge and the Vicar—Anon. The Fakenham Ghost—Robert Bloomfield.  
PROSE READING.—The Snowstorm—Wilson.  
DIALOGUE.—"Bear and Forbear;" for three boys.

### CONTENTS OF No. 4.

POEMS.—Gaiety—Hon. W. R. Spencer. Mercy—Shakspeare. Burial of Sir John Moore—Rev. C. Wolfe. The Giant—Miss Hawtrey. It is Not Always May—Longfellow. Work. The Wish. All's Well That Ends Well. The Dew-drop and the Stream. Calculation of Life—From the French.  
PROSE READING.—Never Too Late To Mend.  
DIALOGUE.—"Indigestion;" for two males.

### CONTENTS OF No. 5.

POEMS.—The Lighthouse—Longfellow. Autumn—From the German. No One Will See Me Ho w to Cure a Cough. Cheerfulness. Spare the Birds—Rev. G. W. Bethune, The Violet—Jane Taylor.  
PROSE READING.—Thou Shalt Not Steal—Dr. Macleod.  
DIALOGUE.—Old Pos, by Miss Edgeworth; for five persons.

### CONTENTS OF No. 6.

POEMS.—The Cricket and the Butterfly—From the French. Wild Flower—R. Nicol. The Winter Robe—Charlotte Smith. Be Kind. Immortality of the Soul—Addison. The Doctor and his Apprentice. Epitaph upon a Child—Herriek.  
PROSE READING.—Melting Moments.  
DIALOGUES.—What shall I Do To Be Saved?—From "Pilgrim's Progress;" for four persons. A Delicate Proposal; for two persons.

### CONTENTS OF No. 7.

POEMS.—The Homes of England—Mrs. Hemans. The Wasp and the Bee. The Sailor Boy's Farewell. The Lost Boy. Come and Go—R. S. Sharpe. To-day and To-morrow. To my Sister in Heaven. John Tompkins—Jane Taylor.  
PROSE READING.—Duty First.  
DIALOGUE.—Emigration—W. Darbyshire.

### CONTENTS OF No. 8.

POEMS.—The Toy of the Giant's Child. One Good Turn Deserves Another. Some Verses to Snail. The Washing Day. Presence of Mind. A Fable—Emerson. The Dew-drop—French. A Parable. The Skylark—Wordsworth. Quarrelsome Friends.  
PROSE READING.—Civility Costs Nothing But Gains Much.  
DIALOGUE.—Where There's a Will There's a Way—From the French.

### CONTENTS OF No. 9.

POEMS.—A Christmas Carol—John Byron. Ingratitude—Shakspeare. The First Frost. Wimberry Will—Tom Kewshaw. The Cold-water Boy. The Water Fowl—Bryant. The Workmen. The Watcher. Little Things. The Slave in the Dismal Swamp—Longfellow. Bubble Blowing.  
PROSE READING.—The Little Coal Bird.  
DIALOGUE.—The Coming Men—J. H. Scaife.

### CONTENTS OF No. 10.

POEMS.—Evening Prayer—Coleridge. Work with a Will. Quaker's Meeting—S. Lover. The Will Gaspelle—Byron. Battle of Blenheim—Southey. I Remember—T. Hood. Come, Stand by my Knee.  
PROSE READING.—Tom Dobson—By J. G. Lockhart.  
DIALOGUE.—Looking at Home; for three girls.

### CONTENTS OF No. 11.

POEMS.—The Hare and Tortoise—Lloyd. The Inchcape Bell—Southey. The Nightingale and Glow-worm—Cowper. Nothing to do. The Royal Jester—Horace Smith. Some Murmur—French.  
PROSE READING.—One Niche the Highest—Ellen Barritt. An American Sam Weller.  
DIALOGUE.—On Wearing Rings; for three girls.

### CONTENTS OF No. 12.

POEMS.—A Fable. The Angel's Whisper—Lover. The Spider—Jane Taylor. The Hare and Many Friends—Gay. We are Seven—Wordsworth. Yorkshire Angling.  
PROSE READING.—The Broken Fiddle; an Irish Story.  
DIALOGUE.—Nelly the Conqueror; for three girls.

The above Numbers can be had in two parts, price 6d. each, or bound in one Vol. price 1s.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, MANCHESTER AND LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

**WEST OF ENGLAND SOAP COMPANY,**  
47, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.

WILLIAM BROWN, AGENT.

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

**SIZING SOAPS AND FANCY SOAP.**

ESTABLISHED 1862.

**WILLIAM BROWN,**  
47, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER,

SOLE MAKER AND PATENTEE OF

**BROWN'S PATENT BOILER COMPOUND, STANNATE OF SODA,**  
FOR PREVENTING THE INCRUSTATION IN STEAM BOILERS.—(REGISTERED.)

**No Connection with any other firm.—AGENTS WANTED.**



# TURNER'S TEMPERANCE COMMERCIAL HOTEL, 9, HALLIWELL STREET, near the FOOTBRIDGE, VICTORIA STATION, MANCHESTER.

NOVEMBER 30, 1877.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

3

## CHESHIRE LINES.

ISSUE OF  
CHEAP TICKETS TO LIVERPOOL,  
Every SATURDAY and SUNDAY during the  
Winter Months.

COMMENCING ON SATURDAY,  
November 3rd, CHEAP RETURN TICKETS  
will be issued at the New Central Station, adjoining  
the Free Trade Hall, MANCHESTER, for LIVER-  
POOL, every SATURDAY and SUNDAY until further  
notice, as below:—

TIMES OF STARTING ON SATURDAY.  
a.m. p.m.  
Manchester (Central Station) .... dep. 8 30 2 30  
Liverpool (Central Station) ..... arr. 9 15 5 15

TIMES OF STARTING ON SUNDAY.  
a.m. p.m.  
Manchester (Central Station) .... dep. 9 3 2 0  
Liverpool (Central Station) ..... arr. 10 25 3 10

Returning on SATURDAY from Liverpool (Central  
Station) Ranelagh Street, at 7-30, 8-30, or 9-30 p.m.

On SUNDAY the Return Trains leave at 8-30 p.m.  
and 8-30.

Fares to Liverpool and Back on day of issue—Third  
Class, 3s.; First Class, 6s.

WM. ENGLISH, Manager.  
Central Station, Liverpool, October, 1877.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW,  
AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

ON MONDAY, DEC. 10TH, 1877, a  
CHEAP EXCURSION TRAIN TO LONDON, by  
the Midland Railway Company's Route, FOR FIVE  
DAYS, will run as under:—

Manchester (London Road), 9-35 a.m.; Stalybridge,  
8-40 a.m.; Ashton (M. S. & L.), 8-44 a.m.; Guide Bridge,  
9-47 a.m.; Hyde, 9-53 a.m.; Woodley, 9-58 a.m.; Marple,  
10-12 a.m.; Hayfield, 8-30 a.m.; New Mills, 10-23 a.m.;  
London (St. Pancras), arrive about 4-35 p.m.

Returning from St. Pancras Station on FRIDAY,  
December 14th, at 10-5 a.m., and Kentish Town at  
10-10 a.m., and the Tickets will be available for returning  
by this Train only.

Children under 3 years of age, Free; above 3 and under  
12, Half Fares. Luggage must be conveyed under the  
Passengers' own care, as the Company will not be respon-  
sible. Tickets are not transferable.

Tickets, Bills, and all particulars may be obtained at  
the Midland Company's Booking Offices, and at Cook's  
Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Ten Minutes will be allowed at Derby Station for  
Refreshments both in going and returning.  
JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.  
Derby, November, 1877.

HEALTH, COMFORT, ECONOMY.

"EXCELSIOR"

PATENT

SPRING MATTRESS

Is remarkably comfortable, perfectly healthy, light,  
durable, and cheap. Made on a wood frame to fit  
existing beds.

IRON BEDS complete with Mattress,  
CAMP BEDS with Folding Legs

(FOR OCCASIONAL USE),

For Hotels, Boarding Houses, Schools, Hospitals, &c.

FROM CABINET MAKERS AND FURNISHERS.

WHOLESALE—

CHORLTON & DUGDALE,

76, HIGHER ORMOND STREET,

MANCHESTER.

CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION.

WILLIAM GARDNER,

MANUFACTURER OF

PATENT LEVER AND OTHER WATCHES.

Silver Levers at £4, £5, £6, £7, £8, £9, and £10 each.  
In Gold from £10 upwards.

An Assortment of Gold Alberts and Chains.

CORNER OF DEANSGATE AND ST. MARY'S GATE,  
MANCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF TWENTY-SIX YEARS

## SIMMS'S RAILWAY GUIDE

AND STEAM PACKET DIRECTORY

IS PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

SOLD BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT AT THE  
RAILWAY STATIONS.

This Guide contains a large quantity of Railway Infor-  
mation, the Tables of which are constructed with special  
reference to the convenience of this great manufacturing  
and mercantile district, and, in addition, the following  
important features:—

A Railway Map of the Country 90 miles round Manches-  
ter. The Map, which is entirely new, has been expressly  
engraved for *Abel Heywood's Edition of Simms's Railway  
Guide*, and, in reference to the Local Stations and inter-  
secting lines throughout the Manufacturing Counties,  
will be found to be the clearest and best hitherto pub-  
lished.

Almanack and Tide Table;  
Alphabetical List of Towns and Stations, with the Dis-  
tances and Fares from Manchester;  
Omnibuses and Coaches;  
Steamboats from Liverpool;  
A New Postal Guide; Manchester Mails of the whole  
24 hours.

The important circulation of this Guide is offered to  
advertisers as a cheap and influential method of bringing  
their announcements before a most important section of  
the community inhabiting and travelling through South  
Lancashire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, and West of Yorkshire.  
Terms on application to the Publishers.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON,

55 and 58 OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER; and  
4, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

## THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

### WATSON'S RUBBING BOTTLE.

The celebrated remedy for Rheumatism, Rheu-  
matic Gout, Pains in the Joints and Face, Lumbago,  
Swellings, Sprains, Bites, Dog Bites, Cuts, Wounds,  
Bruises, Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, &c.

### WATSON'S RUBBING BOTTLE HAS

become a favourite in thousands of homes,  
owing to its searching, pain-killing, and healing qualities.  
A cheaper and more useful remedy, both in ordinary  
cases and in cases of emergency, cannot be kept in a  
house. It will save fifty times its cost by preventing  
suffering, loss of time, and expense.

### SOMETHING NEW.—COLEMAN'S

PHOSPHORUS, QUININE, & PEPSINE PILLS,  
have a wonderful effect in restoring STRENGTH,  
especially when Debility sets in from overwork and  
anxiety, or from whatever cause:—Phosphorus  
soothes the Brain; Quinine increases Appetite, and  
Pepsine (one of the greatest discoveries of the age)  
assists Digestion. One trial will suffice to prove the  
marvellous effects of this Medicine. Sold in bottles,  
2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists, or sent free  
on receipt of 33 or 54 stamps by the Manufacturers,  
COLEMAN & CO., 20, Budge Row, Cannon Street,  
London, E.C.

### INDIGESTION.—WHY SUFFER

from this painful malady when you can immedi-  
ately be cured by using COLEMAN'S PREPARA-  
TIONS OF PURE PEPSINE, greatly recommended by  
the highest medical authorities? Sold in bottles as  
Wine at 2s. 6d. and 5s.; Lozenges, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.;  
and Powder, in bottles, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. each. Sold  
by all Chemists. 2s. 6d. bottles of Wine sent free by  
the manufacturers for 30 stamps; 1s. 6d. bottle of  
Lozenges for 15 stamps; and 2s. 6d. bottle of Powder  
for 30 stamps.

Sole manufacturers: COLEMAN & CO., 20, Budge  
Row, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

### GUEST'S MUSICAL ENTERTAINER,

2d. monthly; post free, 2jd. Large size, beauti-  
fully printed, and contributed to by the world's best  
composers. Nos. 1 to 11, containing 85 songs, post free,  
1s. 9d., with words, music, and piano accompaniment.  
Decidedly the best work out. List of cheap music post  
free.—J. GUEST, 2, Fishmonger Alley, Fenchurch Street,  
London, E.C.

BARLOW'S COURT, 43, MARKET STREET  
(OPPOSITE PALL MALL).

S. C. NICHOLSON & SON,  
LETTERPRESS PRINTERS,

Engravers, Lithographers, Bookbinders, &c.  
INDIARUBBER HAND STAMPS.

### HOW TO BECOME EITHER NATU-

RALLY OR ARTIFICIALLY BEAUTIFUL, by  
simple and inexpensive means made and used at home,  
together with the secret of looking a person steadily and  
pleasantly in the face during conversation. 1s. 1d., post  
free, from the Author, J. WILBY, Mirkfield.

### HOW TO PREVENT HYDROPHOBIA.

Use WATSON'S RUBBING BOTTLE to all  
Wounds as soon as caused. Two or three applications  
will take away all soreness from wounds, &c., causing  
them to heal quickly. For

### RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, PAINS IN

THE JOINTS, &c., there is nothing equal to it.  
If applied according to the directions on each bottle to  
the parts affected, it will proceed direct to the seat of the  
disorder, and remove it without disturbing the functions  
of the body. Prepared by G. WATSON, Greenfield,  
Saddleworth, near Manchester. Sold in 4oz. and 6oz.  
bottles at 10d. and 1s. 1d., by all Chemists and Patent  
Medicine Vendors, or direct by the Proprietor upon  
receipt of stamps.

### WELL I AM SURPRISED

You should suffer so acutely from any disease  
caused by impure blood when the UNIVERSAL  
MAGIC PURIFYING DROPS are so justly acknowledged  
by all ranks of society to stand unrivalled for effectually  
purifying the stream of life from all latent disease, how-  
ever stagnant, torpid, or impure it may be. They give  
brilliance to the eye; a rosy, healthy hue to the face; a  
pearly whiteness to the teeth; a delightful fragrance to  
the breath; elasticity to the step; a buoyancy to the  
spirits; an edge to the appetite; a clear conception;  
pure blood; refreshing and exhilarating sleep to the  
debilitated system; in fact, they change the most shat-  
tered frame into health, strength, and vigour; whilst  
the mental and physical powers under their influence  
are so strengthened and fortified that all difficulties and  
obstacles are triumphantly met and conquered. Prices:  
4s. 6d., 12s., and 25s. per Case. Prepared only by Messrs.  
WILKINSON and Co., Medical Hall, 4, Baker's Hill,  
Sheffield, and sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine  
Vendors throughout the world; or should the least  
difficulty occur, they will be forwarded per return  
(carriage free) on receipt of the amount in stamps or  
post order by the Proprietors. Established 1830.

Upwards of Three Hundred Thousand Cases were sold  
last year.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—All Chemists and Patent  
Medicine Dealers can order through our Wholesale  
Agents, BURGEOYNE, BURBIDGES, & CO., Wholesale  
and Export Druggists, &c., 16, Coleman Street, London;  
MATHER, Farringdon Road, London, and 24, Corpora-  
tion Street, Manchester; Evans, Lescher, and Evans, 60,  
Bartholomew Close, London; Evans, Sons, and Co.,  
56, Hanover Street, Liverpool; and Goodall, Backhouse,  
and Co., Leeds.

Just Published. Price 6d.

## FIGARO AT HASTINGS.

By CUTHBERT BEDE.

"A pleasant little volume."—*Salford Weekly News*,  
September 8th.

"Figaro at Hastings and St. Leonard's" is a lively  
brochure from the pen of Cuthbert Bede. The papers,  
bright and amusing, first appeared in the columns of  
the *London Figaro*. Bound in an attractive pictorial  
cover, they will in their present garb be sure to send a  
fresh batch of holiday-makers to the favourite watering-  
places which they flim with pen and pencil."—*Penny  
Illustrated Paper*, September 15th.

Manchester; ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, and all  
Booksellers.

## MR. BRIGHT'S BRADFORD

SPEECHES (on Cobden, Free Trade, and the  
Eastern Question), with Sketches of Cobden, Bright,  
and the Anti-corn-law League. Revised by Mr. Bright.  
Demy 8vo; 62 pages. Price 6d. Now Ready. Man-  
chester: ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, and all Booksellers.

JAMES OGDEN, TAILOR, 58, LOWER KING ST., SEE WINDOWS. OVERCOATS 35/-, DRESS SUITS 70/-

4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

NOVEMBER 30, 1877.

# AMUSEMENTS.

**A**LEXANDRA HALL, Peter Street, Manchester. To-Night, Lauri Ballet Troupe; Mr. Charles Simpson; Messrs. Clifford and Franks; Mr. W. J. Ashcroft; Mr. Harry Breeze; Miss Ada Hermine; Angelo Family; Louis Leoni. MONDAY NEXT, Mr. W. J. Ashcroft, the Solid Man; Frank Egerton; Harry Breeze; Miss Ada Hermine; Miss Maud Stafford; Louis Leoni; Tony Sinclair; Charles Simpson, &c. Prices 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

**B**OZ. LAST EIGHT NIGHTS in Manchester.

**B**OZ. A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT will be given to this Sensational Conjuror TO-MORROW (Saturday) EVENING.

**B**OZ. In the Large FREE TRADE HALL, under the distinguished patronage and immediate presence of His Worship the MAYOR OF MANCHESTER (Alderman Grundy), Alderman BOOTH, Alderman MURRAY, Alderman WORTHINGTON, &c.

**B**OZ. The Magnificent CITY POLICE BAND will Play several choice Selections of Music during the Evening, and a Special Programme will be produced.

**B**OZ. SATURDAY, at Three, will be given the Last Illuminated FASHIONABLE MATINEE but one, which is specially recommended to Heads of Families and Schools.

**T**HE MANCHESTER GLACIARIUM,

RUSHOLME.  
REAL ICE SKATING DAILY.

Open from 8 to 5, and 7-30 to 9-30 p.m.  
Prices: Monday, Wednesday & Friday, 1s.; Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday, 2s.  
BAND EVERY EVENING & SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

**T**HE ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS  
IS NOW OPEN AT MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW AND SONS',  
EXCHANGE STREET GALLERIES,  
Daily from Ten to Four o'clock; Saturdays, Ten to Two.

Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

N.B.—The Invitation Cards to Private View are available during the Exhibition.

**M**ISS MITCHELL'S RESTAURANT & LUNCHEON BAR,

18, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

WINES, BURTON ALES, DUBLIN STOUT, CIGARS, &c.  
CHOPS, STEAKS, &c., AT ANY HOUR.

**LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL**

Have the Largest Assortment of

DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES

Suitable for Presentation.

Every Description of Jewellery, 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate,  
from the very best makers.

HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

**I**f your Spectacles are broken take them to the Maker,  
N. HARPER, 36, Clarendon Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.

**JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,**

Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

NEW PREMISES CORNER OF HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, SHUDEHILL.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches;  
9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

**JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,** Thomas Street and High Street, Manchester.

**D. JUGLA,**  
**COURT GLOVER,**  
51, DEANSGATE (BARTON ARCADE),  
MANCHESTER,

Begs respectfully to call the attention of the public to his choice selection of  
**PARIS LATEST NOVELTIES,**  
Ladies and Gentlemen's Scarfs and Ties, Fans, Silk and Cambric Handkerchiefs,  
Gloves, Boxes, Perfumed Sachets, French Jewellery, &c.; and also a large selection  
of his renowned

**PARIS KID GLOVES.**  
GLOVES MADE TO ORDER IN ANY SIZE OR COLOUR.

AGENT FOR

**ED. PINAUD'S PARIS SELECED PERFUMERY.**

**D. JUGLA'S**

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS:

PARIS, LONDON, LIVERPOOL, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA.

Glove Manufactory—2, RUE FAYART, PARIS.

Card of Samples of Colours and Price List sent post free on application.

**PURE WATER.**

**THE LATEST IMPROVED FILTER.**  
EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

**W. M. JOWETT AND CO.,**

Sole Manufacturers of the Royal Prize Medal Patent  
Moulded Carbon Block and Loose Charcoal

**RAPID WATER FILTERS,**

Combining all the latest improvements.

IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD PRINCIPLE.

In these Filters there is a bush hole at the back  
which enables the user to draw off the water and  
cleanse the bottom of the Filter thoroughly when  
required, which it is necessary to do occasionally.

**Patent Charcoal Block Pocket Filters**  
from 1s. 6d. each.

Improved Self-Acting Cistern Filters. Main Service  
Filters from £2. 2s. each.

AQUARIA, FERNCASE, AND WINDOW CONSERVATORY  
MANUFACTURERS.

Iron and Terra Cotta Garden and Table Vases, Fountains, Fountain Jets, Fancy  
Fern Stands; Rustic Terra Cotta Ware; all kinds of Horticultural Goods, Flower  
Boxes for Windows and Balconies, Fancy Tiles, Rockwork for Ferneries and Grottoes,  
Aquarium and Propagating Glasses, Fern Shades, Fish Globes, Water Bottles, Ferns,  
Aquatic Plants, Fish, Beetles, &c., in great variety; Fish for Storing; Live Bait  
always on hand.

**CITY FILTER WORKS, 75, CORPORATION ST., MANCHESTER.**

**STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR**

(Entrance Newmarket and Back Pool Fold, Cross Street),

NOW OPEN, THOROUGHLY CLEANSED AND BEAUTIFIED.

Chops, Steaks, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, Wines and Spirits, Burton Ales, London  
and Dublin Stout.

"BEGGS" ROYAL LOCHNAGER WHISKEY.

J. G. SMITH, Proprietor.

**THE PICTURE TRADE.**

Largest, Cheapest, and Choicest Stock in the trade of  
Oleographs, Engravings, Chromo Prints, Oil Paintings, Photographs, Chromos,  
Aquatints, Cut Flowers, Water-colour Drawings, Picture Frames, &c.,  
At M. NEWMAN'S, 19, Fennel Street, close to the Cathedral.



# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 107.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## FRASER IN A FOG.

JAMES of Manchester is, if anything, clear-headed. He has numerous other qualities—a combination of qualities, indeed, not found in many men—but in knowing what he wants to say, and in saying it in clear, chaste terms, he is almost John Bright's equal. How he has got into his present fog, therefore, on the question of Church Patronage we cannot for the life of us imagine. That he is in a fog on the subject is painfully patent to every person.

Speaking at Blackburn the other day, his Lordship tried to give the happy despatch to some of his critics in connection with the patronage that prevails in the Church. The Church of England, he said, knew nothing about congregations; it knew nothing but parishes; and this was an election by parishioners, in which everyone who boiled a pot had a vote. That was different to having an election confined to a select body as a congregation. In the other case the result had been most unfortunate, and the mode of election had been a most scandalous one. He had mentioned two things that were abused in the Church of England, and there were one or two other things he wished to mention. He wished them to realise the largeness and breadth of the Church of England. He had in his mind an important parish in this diocese where he had called attention to an abuse, and perhaps not without giving some offence. The Act of Parliament had given to a certain number of people a statutory right to seats in that parish church. When they ceased to be residents in the parish they claimed their pews. There were 16,000 people living in that parish, and there were only 300 free seats. He asked them if they could claim for their Church the true name of the Church of the people in the face of a fact like that. There were many painful things that he had to hear. He never took up the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, and read the letters by "Promotion by Merit"—although they might be much over-coloured and exaggerated—he could not read those painful revelations without wincing; he could not read them without shame, and feeling there were things that ought not to exist in the Church of England.

In some of the reports of this speech the Bishop was made to refer to Mr. Leatham, the member for Huddersfield; and thereupon the honourable gentleman sent the following note to the *Examiner*:—

"Misarden Park, Cirencester, 23rd Nov., 1877.

"Sir,—From the enclosed newspaper paragraph which has been forwarded to me by a friend it is clear that your good Bishop has mistaken the speech on Church Patronage delivered the other day by Mr. G. W. Latham for one of mine. May I trouble you to supply this correction?—I remain, yours, &c.,

"EDWARD A. LEATHAM."

The Bishop, having a deservedly high reputation for accuracy, was annoyed at this, and consequently he addressed the following letter to the same paper, in which it duly appeared on Tuesday:—

"Sir,—It is quite true, I am afraid from my hasty reading, *aliquando dormitant boni*, I did confuse Mr. G. W. Latham, of Sandbach, with the honourable member for Huddersfield. As soon as I discovered my mistake I wrote to Mr. Leatham with an apology; and, as he is a generous opponent, I do not doubt that he will accept it. There was nothing personal in my remarks; but I thought it was a 'ludicrous travesty' of my sentiments to represent me as contented with the existing system of patronage in the Church of England, and also to suppose that when I spoke of election by the *parishioners*—the worst possible mode of choosing a minister—I meant the same thing as election by the *congregation*, which your vivacious correspondent, 'Promotion by Merit,' seems to consider the best. At least, he tells me that three-fourths of the Nonconformist ministers in England are so selected. Those, however, who may happen to have read an article in last week's *City Jackdaw* will have

observed that it is a method which does not satisfy everybody. In truth, the problem is not an easy one to solve.—Your obedient servant,  
"Manchester, November 26."

"J. MANCHESTER.

Instead of making things better, however, this explanation only tended to increase the fog, as will be seen from the subjoined letter, from ourselves, in Wednesday's *Examiner*:—

"Sir,—The Bishop has rather misrepresented me, of course unintentionally, in the letter which appears in this day's *Examiner and Times*. His Lordship directs attention to an article in last week's *City Jackdaw* as proving that the election of ministers by the congregations themselves 'is a method which does not satisfy everybody.' The article in question was entitled 'Hearing Candidates,' and was, as stated, written by a Dissenter. It opened out in this way:—

"Churchmen know nothing of the luxury, as they now nothing of the pain, of hearing candidates. Their pastors are chosen for them by wealthy patrons. We Dissenters, on the other hand, have to make the selection for ourselves. If there is much that is grand, there is also something that is pathetic, in the operation. When our pulpits become vacant through the resignation, removal, or death of our ministers, we begin to hear candidates from Sabbath to Sabbath, these candidates coming from all parts of the land, and being men of varied conditions and calibre. The congregation with which I chance to be connected has been engaged in this way for many months past, and we seem to be as far from a settlement as ever. Not that no good men have appeared before us, but none of them, so far, has struck us as the sort of man we want. Each of the number has had some special blemish or drawback in our eyes, while the whole lot have had faults in common."

"The writer then went on to state what he considered to be the shortcomings of the several candidates, afterwards concluding as follows:—

"No doubt our excellent Bishop is sorry for us. He would tell us that our system is at fault, that if we had enjoyed the patronage system of the Established Church we would have been spared all this anxiety and bother, and been in possession of a minister long ere now. But then we prefer doing the thing in our own way. Though sometimes troublesome to think for ourselves, we can bear with the trouble because we value the right. Things will come all square yet. We do not quarrel with one another, we do not tear each other's eyes out, we possess our souls in patience, believing that a man to our liking will turn up some day. Surely, there must be some natural men in the ministry still—men who can pray, read, and preach as men might be expected to do, and not as ranting actors or tailors' dummies. If there be, will one of them come and get us out of our present little difficulty?"

"The difficulty of the writer and his fellow-members seems to be to get a minister to their taste; but they have no doubt as to their success in the end. Not a word was said in the whole article to indicate that they were dissatisfied with the existing mode of election, or would prefer the patronage system of the Church, which Bishop Fraser himself declines to justify or defend.—Yours truly,

"THE CITY JACKDAW.

"51, Spear Street, Nov. 27."

"Promotion by Merit," no doubt, will also have his say on the subject, and it is just likely, considering that he is so vivacious, and usually hits so hard, that he will make Fraser's fog denser than ever. In the meantime, let us exercise all charity, and do what we can to extricate his Lordship. He tells us that he does not fancy the existing Patronage system in the Church. Who does? He likewise informs us that he has no faith in the choice of clergymen being left in the hands of parishioners. What then? The bulk of Dissenters, as our correspondent pointed out, select their own ministers, each congregation for itself. Can Bishop Fraser suggest any improvement upon this plan? If Poor Law Guardians and Members of Parliament are selected by those most intimately concerned, why should a similar arrangement not succeed in the case of Church clergymen and Dissenting ministers? If not, why not? Will his Lordship kindly tell us?

**BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES**

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

## SONGS OF THE DAY.—No. I.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

**I**N Manchester there is a man  
Whose name is Johnny King,  
An Alderman of Council he,  
And 'tis of him I sing.

There is another Alderman,  
And Bennett is his name,  
And he was Johnny's partner in  
A curious little game.

Now King and Bennett both had heard  
Of Biggar and Parnell,  
And, fired with emulation, thought  
They'd try to do as well.

So, when the Council came to talk  
About the tramway scheme,  
A glorious opportunity  
It unto them did seem.

They laid their heads together and  
Resolved to spoil the plan,  
And make poor Abel Heywood wild—  
So thus the two began—

Said King, "Sir Joseph is not here  
To snub and keep us down,  
Or use us in a way that moves  
The laughter of the town.

"Come let us play the very deuce,  
And have a jolly spree;  
Let's set the Council by the ears,  
And put 'em up a tree."

Said Bennett, "Right you are, dear boy,  
Now Joseph Heron's gone,  
I feel as frisky as a lamb,  
A kitten, or a fawn.

"I'm up for any mortal game  
You're able to propose;  
D'ye want to rabble little Reade,  
Or pull the Mayor's nose?"

"Oh! no," said John, "he's much too big;  
I want to make a row  
About this precious tramway scheme—  
I s'pose you see it now?"

"Quite so," said Bennett, "that's the trick,  
Let's knock it on the head;"  
And off they to the Council went  
To do as he had said.

Now after they had talked a spell  
They saw it was no use,  
They never would convince the house  
By elegant abuse.

So King bethought him of a way  
To save them from defeat,  
And he and Bennett went around  
And offered to stand treat.

They said to several thirsty souls—  
Those thirsty souls to win—  
"If you will leave the Council-room  
We'll stand a sup o' gin."

You see this wily couple knew,  
That when they took a vote,  
If there were not the forty-two,  
It was not worth a groat.

And though poor Batty stormed and raved,  
Some half-a-dozen men  
Went out to have the sup o' gin  
And then came in again.

But when they came it was too late—  
The voting was all done;  
And when they came to count the heads  
There were but forty-one.

And so the meeting was adjourned,  
That puzzled Talbot might  
Find out with Joseph how they best  
Could set the matter right.

And King and Bennett roared and said,  
"What funny dogs are we!"  
For joy they went to Albert Square  
And played at leap-froggy.

And after that the pious Ben  
To Conference did go,  
With all the shepherds at the courts  
In Strangeways—as you know.

While there he looked so unctuous  
That everybody thought  
"Oh! what a holy man is this  
That our good Church has caught."

But he, poor saint, was ill at ease,  
For something crossed his mind—  
A thought so dreadful that himself  
To drown he was inclined.

Thought he, "If when the Council meets,  
Sir Joseph should come down!  
Oh! Lord, I think I'd better go  
A fortnight out of town."

And King he had the self-same thought—  
And all the live-long night  
He could not sleep one blessed wink  
For trouble and for fright.

Oh! how they wished they'd never tried  
To imitate Parnell;  
And each he blamed the other sore  
For trying such a sell.

But when the Council met again  
Sir Joseph was not there,  
And so they wore their boldest face  
And said they didn't care.

They tried the little game again,  
But as they did not stand  
More gin, they left the room alone—  
This precious little band.

And so their playful purpose failed,  
While people hissed and laughed,  
And said "We always thought Ben mad,  
And King is getting daft!"

[MORAL.]

When Aldermen can play such tricks,  
What should we be about?  
Why, when the next election comes,  
We'll simply—turn 'em out.

## SALFORD TORIES HANGING OUT THEIR BANNERS.

**I**F there is one event in the year to which I look forward with more interest and expectation than another, it is the annual meeting of the Salford Constitutional Association. My temperament is such that I soon get tired of theatres, concerts, and all kinds of stock amusements, but of the Constitutional Association meeting, never. If the Association were to hold a meeting weekly, I should always endeavour to attend it, so great is the amusement which it affords me. It was, therefore, with no ordinary gratification I learned that the members were about to hold on Monday, not their annual meeting, but what answered just as well, a meeting connected with the presentation of a banner to that intelligent and enlightened body, and you may imagine that my feelings were still more strongly excited at finding that not only "Holy Ned" Hardcastle, and the man "whose initials are ciphers and whose name is Walker," would attend, but that my revered representative, the illustrious W. T. Charley, was to take the chair—this, if I am not mistaken, being his first appearance in Salford, in a political character, since his sudden and mysterious disappearance during the last election. Of course I at once decided to go, and went, getting into the Salford Town Hall just about the time when the room began to present the appearance which places where the Salford Constitutionalists meet usually do, that is, a resemblance to what I can imagine Pandemonium to be like. The distinguishing characteristics of the assembly were unwashed faces, dirty hands, gaping mouths, and very low foreheads. The preliminary amusement was of the usual facious character. First they would sing a snatch of a song everyone in a different key, and, when this had lost its novelty, set up a yell of that peculiar kind which only Salford Constitutionalists can manage to perfection. The monotony was occasionally varied by the interchange

**GAS "HEATING" STOVES.**  
For Shops, Offices, Rooms, Halls, &c.

**GAS "COOKING" STOVES.**  
In great variety, from 10/6 to 4/4s.

**JOHN W. CROMPTON, 80A, DEANS GATE.**

of conversation, more or less decent, between persons at different ends of the room, whereat all the meeting laughed a laugh which none but Salford Constitutionalists or hyenas ever attempt. Of course this innocent recreation did not prevent them from staring intently, with open mouths, at the banner resting against the wall, and which to them evidently seemed a very triumph of art. And, indeed, the banner was rather an astonishing production—as banners usually are—though no doubt in its way very excellent. The side turned towards us at the time of which I speak bore a confused sort of device, which at first I took to be a bird cage resting on a set of fire irons, both being supported by a butcher's block, but which I afterwards found to be a crown with, I suppose, the sword and sceptre, borne on a book which was no doubt intended to represent one of Mr. Charley's great legal works. When the other side was turned towards us, later on, its appearance was truly remarkable, and quite justified the yells with which it was greeted. The chief feature was the full-length portrait of someone that might have been either a man or the "missing link," and which, from the inscription, was actually intended to represent Holy Ned. I am at present unable to decide whether the portrait looked most like that of a small tradesman in his Sunday clothes, or a heavy melodramatic father. Having paid no money towards it, I am not under the necessity of making any choice.

But presently the side door opened, and, amid cheers and yells and shouts, to which the preceding ones were nothing, in walked Holy Ned, looking more sanctimonious than ever; the cipher-man, looking very nervous and shame-faced; and the chairman, the great Charley himself, whose appearance forcibly reminded me of that of a boy who had the day before received a sound caning, and who creeps sheepishly and unwillingly to school. After them came the important Robinson, the Goody-goody Goulden, the benevolent but weak-minded Birley, and a lot of smaller fry—and how small Tory small fry are! When they had got into their places the real fun of the evening began. First, there was Charley's speech, eulogising himself, the banner, Mr. Walker, Mr. W. T. Charley, Mr. Harcastle, Mr. W. T. Charley, and the disinterested patriots who so kindly sent him to St. Stephen's. Often as I have heard Mr. Justice—confound it, I always am thinking of him as a Judge—Mr. W. T. Charley's eloquence, legal and political, on this occasion he surprised me. His philosophical definitions of Toryism in Salford, his lucid and convincing arguments, his impassioned rhetoric, and the valiant way in which he "fleshed his steel in the pachydermatous Radical hide"—to quote a phrase he once coined—all took the Salford Constitutionalists by storm. When, his eye with a fine frenzy rolling, he exclaimed—"Let this banner remind you of your duty to God: His banner over us was Love," we all could have wept pious tears—though to some narrow carping, snarling people, this implied parallel between the Salford Constitutionalists' flag and any banner used in Heaven might have seemed absurd, not to say blasphemous. When, continuing, and becoming still more impassioned, he thundered, "Let this banner remind you it is your duty to ascend—Excelsior!" our emotion threatened to become overpowering, and when in a magnificent peroration, delivered with all his wonderful declamatory power, he told us that, in addition to serving as a reminder of Heavenly banners, and of our climbing obligations, the new flag was to bring to our remembrance the mighty deeds of Nelson and Wellington, could we—though not quite seeing the connection—fail to clasp our hands, raise our eyes to the ceiling, and thank the Fates that we were represented by such an astonishing genius as Mr. Charley? And to the Fates alone our good luck is evidently due, for subsequently Mr. Goody-goody Goulden related with charming candour how, in 1868, when the Salford Constitutionalists were in a bad way, and knew not where to look for anyone verdant enough to stand as their candidate he, Goulden, the *deus ex machina* of the Salford Tories, heard of this native of the Emerald Isle as being a likely man (you see somebody evidently knew Mr. Charley before his advent in Salford), and how the said Charley knew nothing about this cruel project of Goulden's, and was sitting quietly in his study, no doubt thinking over his great legal works, when a Mephistophelian solicitor (Mr. Goulden himself, I suppose) came and tapped him on the back, and said, "Charley, my boy, you're wanted." The story is delightful; it is perfectly idyllic, but at the same time it was rather indiscreet, for it can hardly be flattering to the Salford Constitutionalists, or to Mr. Charley himself, to be told that a selection which no doubt they had hitherto supposed to be due to personal merit, was really owing to a forlorn chance.

After Mr. Charley had finished, a man got up in the middle of the room and insisted on making a speech, much to the annoyance of the big-wigs

on the platform, though as he was evidently a useful canvasser they did not venture to snub him. So he talked himself out and then that shining municipal light, Councillor Hall, did the same, and made way for cipher Walker. Poor Walker! What dreadful crime hast thou committed that thou shouldst have to expiate it by such severe pains and penalties? It really makes one's heart bleed to see this worthy man and "regular serew" struggling to make a speech, without having the slightest notion of what he ought to say. The poor man is at zero all over, a blank both in name and ideas. The only thing he seems to know clearly is that the British constitution is a glorious institution, and every one of his bald trite commonplaces can be easily translated into this. One may imagine his mental state when he himself tells us that he has been under Mr. Charley's guidance in the House, and the senior member has given him counsel on various subjects! This, indeed, is the blind leading the blind. We didn't laugh at him. Such bottomless inanity is too saddening for mirth. The chief thought in my mind was that the end of the world must be nigh when even the Salford Constitutionalists could prefer Mr. Walker to Mr. Kay. In one way he is intensely interesting, and that is as a psychological study, for it is not every day we meet a man who thinks and actually says that Holy Ned's service to the Salford Constitutional Association will hand down his illustrious name to the latest posterity. Even Ned himself looked embarrassed at this, for, after all, he is not so stupid as not to know that he would be utterly forgotten about six weeks after his death, except, of course, by his relatives. Perhaps it was this depressing thought that made him unusually serious at the beginning of his speech, though he soon got over it and launched out into an elaborate and long-drawn-out joke about Mr. Charley's eminent political services. All this time, of course, the Constitutionalists were roaring and yelling at intervals, some of the more irreverent varying the programme by making jokes at the chairman's expense, which Mr. Charley evidently tried to enjoy, but miserably failed. He, for one, was unmistakably glad when the business was over and the Constitutionalists went away proud of the possession of a banner, the brilliant colours of which may long be to them as emblematic as the rainbow was to Noah—another good Conservative—unless when it is next brought out the gallant standard bearers get more than usually inebriated and drop it in the mud.

## IN ANTICIPATION.

[BY OUR OWN CYNIC.]

THIS said that Christmas comes but once a year—  
As if one ever dreamed it could come twice;  
That when it comes it brings with it good cheer,  
Such as roast beef, ale flavoured well with spice,  
Puddings and pies and everything that's nice.  
This may be so to some folks: I have reason  
To thoroughly abominate the season.

Item the first: it's generally cold,  
It snows, and snow I hate just like the deuce;  
The frost, they say, will make one smart and bold—  
For my part I can't see it's any use,  
And, therefore, always treat it with abuse;  
I'd rather have a brilliant day in summer—  
Pipes don't burst then to benefit the plumber.

*Secundus.* Wine and game come full addressed  
To you or me in such and such a street;  
We thank our unknown friend, nor feel oppressed  
With any doubts about his handsome treat.  
The game's not bad, the wine—well, rather sweet.  
A few days pass and then, much to our terror,  
We get a bill—the goods were sent in error.

Thirdly, and worst of all, that mistletoe,  
Whose introducer certainly was mad—  
No man of sense would lend himself to go  
To such extremes of taste, so shocking bad;  
He may of course have been some spoony lad.  
Against this youth I wish to bear no evil,  
I only trust long since he's found—his level.

What's this? a note, unopened, too, from Jones—  
I really wonder what it's all about!  
A promise to repay his numerous loans—  
An intimation that he's got the gout,  
And at the Thatched House dare not take his stout!  
Yes! No! Confound it, I'm a precious sinner,  
He swears I'm booked for his next Christmas dinner.

W. ARONSBURG, Optician to the Royal Eye Hospital, 12, Victoria Street, Manchester.





Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

One of Leonard Bright's complete short Stories of Manchester Life is given in the *City Jackdaw* nearly every week. The following have already appeared:—

BROKEN DOWN—In No. 99, October 5, 1877.  
 HEAVY HEARTS—In No. 101, October 19, 1877.  
 THE BOLTED DOOR—In No. 102, October 26, 1877.  
 CLARA BROWN—In No. 103, Nov. 2, 1877.  
 BOUND HAND AND FOOT—In No. 104, Nov. 9, 1877.  
 MRS. ALGWOOD'S SECRET—In No. 105, Nov. 16, 1877.  
 WON BY A NECK—In No. 106, Nov. 23, 1877.

Copies of the papers containing these Stories will be sent by post from the Publishing Office for 1½d. each.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the Bishop of Manchester and the Bishop of Carlisle did have a set-to, as was expected, in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday evening.

That both agreed in advocating the claims of the Church of England Temperance Society, with reference to the water supply.

That their Lordships had intended to refrain from mentioning Thirlmere in the interests of peace; but couldn't.

That Harvey of Carlisle now recognises the inconsistency, not to say the cruelty, of decreasing our beer supply, without at the same time increasing our water supply.

That Christmas is once more in sight.

That the Christmas books will be published about midsummer next year.

That the heavenly display of fireworks was a great success on Friday night.

That the brilliant meteor, in particular, was a complete caution.

That it lighted up the land beautifully on Friday and has fairly illuminated the columns of the daily papers ever since.

That each district and town thought the meteor was intended specially for its edification and delight.

That it is reported to have fallen in at least a hundred different places, many of them miles upon miles apart.

That some of the writers must have been mistaken.

That others must have been seeing double.

That Russia means to annex Armenia.

That Beaconsfield will then begin to talk about British interests, our great Indian Empire, and so on.

That the situation is daily becoming more and more critical.

That for us to fight on the side of Turkey would bring upon the present race of Englishmen everlasting disgrace.

That the Prime Minister and the Government must be told so in no unmistakable terms.

That Marshal Macmahon's stock of wisdom is not on the increase.

That he is straining the Constitution to the snapping point.

That a theologian is engaged upon an abstruse work entitled "The Dissent of Man."

That thereby hangs a tale—against the Nonconformists.

That a grand point against the Established Church is that in the Church of Adam and Eve the worshippers did not wear vestments (fig leaves) until after they were disestablished.

That Mr. Hardcastle, M.P., has been presented with a banner by the Constitutionalists of Salford.

That the hon. member for South-East Lancashire does not know what to do with the rag.

That the whole thing was one of Charley's clumsy jokes.

That Hardcastle swears he will be revenged.

That the great suit of Williamson *versus* Barbour is finished, at least at present.

That the commission agents of Manchester looked like so many condemned criminals yesterday.

That they don't mean to cave in, for all that.

That the customs of trade play a prominent part in the English Constitution.

That the Master of the Rolls has never been in business.

That Mr. W. H. Houldsworth becomes a better Tory every time he opens his mouth.

#### WILLIAMSON *VERSUS* BARBOUR.

**W**ELL, well, well! Sir George Jessel, the Master of the Rolls, has gone and done it. His decision amounts to this, that a very large proportion of the merchants of Manchester have been, and are, carrying on their business in a fraudulent manner. He even hints that they might be placed in the prisoners' dock as so many swindlers. This, no doubt, is extremely nice, as well as comforting. Amongst the defendants in this famous action are some of the best known and most highly respected men in the commercial world. Nor is their reputation less distinguished in the world of philanthropy and religion. Yet, according to the decision just given in the High Court of Justice, they must now throw open their books for a rigid examination and be prepared, if required, to repay £100,000, of which they are alleged to have defrauded the Calcutta house to which they acted as the Manchester representatives. After the many things which Sir George Jessel had said during the trial we are not surprised at the judgment. But we disagree with it none the less on that account. It is all very well to ignore what constitute the customs of trade. If these are to be ignored, however, trade will become even duller than it is now. Innumerable houses, indeed, might just as well put up their shutters at once. Wherever one man does business with another man, certain customs—the growth of experience and the accumulation of years—are observed. That is known to cattle salesmen, solicitors, barristers, architects, and auctioneers as well as to merchants and mercantile agents. Yet, according to this decision, trade customs count as nothing, not even, as was the case with at least one member of the plaintiffs' firm, though the parties who consider themselves aggrieved are perfectly familiar with these customs. Legally, technically, the defendants may have had no right to charge any more than their one per cent as the plaintiffs' agents. As a matter of fact, the plaintiffs did not need to be told that the defendants could not do all the business which they did for them for anything like one per cent. The case has lasted several years already. It is not ended yet, albeit Sir George Jessel has made known his decision. Higher courts will have their say on the subject. In the meantime, the merchants and agents of Manchester have no great cause to throw themselves into a state of fluster and alarm. If our courts of law are to trample on our trade customs they might as well close the history of England at once and consign the United Kingdom to the bottom of the sea. We cannot think that they are prepared to do either the one or the other.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. }

WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.



## "MY UNCLE."

[BY THE ANTIENT PISTOL.]

I LOVE the good old man, and who shall chide my partiality? In my playfully affectionate moments I make little rhymes—sweet sportive verses about him. Here is a sample:—

When money matters go not well,  
Who is it out the cash must shell,  
To fustain-coat and hard-up swell?  
My Uncle.

Who hangs his golden symbols out—  
A beacon bright when cash is out—  
Who puts our raiment up the spout?  
My Uncle.

It is not because my uncle is a financier, and seems to have always a stock of that which his impecunious nephews and nieces are sadly deficient in, that I respect him.

I look up with loving awe to him, not because he has armorial bearings, derived, it is said, from some princely Lombard merchant of the past, and uses by right the motto of "two to one." No! I love him for his confiding nature and for his simple and unaffected manners. My uncle, unlike some of my well-to-do relations, is never too proud to speak to me; and I remember that, on my first introduction to him, he presented his card with the utmost condescension.

My foot is often on his threshold, but he never discourages my visits. On the contrary, when I visit his establishment he courteously places a private box at my service, and I rarely come away without a token of his regard. Our uncle, although a kindly creature, has his peculiar ways. When he receives a visit from any of his numerous nephews and nieces, he jealously exacts from them a slight *souvenir*—a "pledge" of their esteem, lest they should grow cold to the good man, or lest they should forget him or he them. These exactions are sometimes a little trying to certain members of our family, but the time never was when poor relations had not to submit to the caprices of uncles.

These pledges form a motly collection. My uncle, who flatters my literary vanity, once employed me to compile a catalogue of them, but I must say that he was severely critical, and found great fault with my style of classification. With an eye to dramatic effect I sought out the most striking contrasts, and enumerated them with a plentiful display of marks of exclamation. The following will suffice as a sample:—

"Flutes, flat-irons, and fiddles; diamond rings and brass-eyelitted clogs; jewelled shirt studs and second-hand chemisettes; 'Matthew Henry's Commentary' and 'Don Juan,' 'Baxter's Saint's Rest' and 'Tom Jones;' coffin cards and fiddle strings; quilts, counterpanes, artificial teeth, perambulators, baby-jumpers, and wooden legs."

Will it be believed, the unlettered old pump could not see the beauties of this arrangement?

There are various modes of pawning. Some have the countenance of good society, and others are regarded as low. When a man pledges houses or land for the repayment of a loan, he is said to give a mortgage—he walks boldly into a solicitor's office and signs the legal instruments without a blush; but when a man is about to deposit his watch as security for an advance, he walks past his uncle's door several times ere he can muster courage to enter, and conducts the whole business in a shame-faced manner, and all because my uncle is regarded with disfavour in polite circles. When a person deposits railway scrip or Government bonds as security, he is said to hypothecate them; but it would not be considered correct to say that Mrs. Molony had hypothecated her smoothing-iron for threepence, or an unmentionable article of female attire for sixpence. In her case the term is "pop," "pledge," or "spout."

That "hypothecate" is a good word. It enabled me to baulk the curiosity of an inquisitive friend who asked me the other day what had become of my watch. I said it had been hypothecated, and that it was necessary to leave it for a few days. He evidently thought the phrase related to some alteration or new motion; but he embarrassed me somewhat a few nights after by asking me, in the presence of several friends, what a good hypothecated watch would cost, and whether it would keep good time.

My uncle has never been presented at court. I wish he could. Many

attempts have been made to mitigate the vulgarity which is supposed to attach to his shop. He has called his place of business an "Advance and Loan Agency," "The Equitable Loan Company," and I know not what beside, but the vulgar public will persist in calling it a pop shop.

There are certain points of etiquette to be observed in matters that relate to my uncle. It is not usual to stick his card in the frame of your pier glass, or to exhibit it along with those of your other friends on your parlour or drawing-room table.

If you should meet a lady of your acquaintance on a Monday morning with a large bundle under her shawl, it would be highly indelicate to ask her where she is going; and although at any other time she might resent your non-recognition of her, she will pardon you if on this occasion you pass her by unheeded. Again, if a lady chance to recognise the back hair of a friend in one of those recesses provided by my relative, it is considered indecorous to give her greeting in such a place, and, except under the most emotional circumstances, neither will refer to their visits to my uncle's.

It is not alone people of the working-man class that patronise my uncle. It is said that Attenbury, the prince of pawnbrokers, could tell tales of members of the peerage that would make countesses blush through the thickest coat of rouge.

Some years ago, I made the acquaintance of a faded man of fashion, who, in computing the value of any article, always took as his basis the probable amount which a pawnbroker would lend upon it. Although his manners and conversation betokened culture and good breeding, he had outlived the sense of shame which keeps men, as a rule, silent about the equivocal uncle, and I learned afterwards that he often picked up a little money by doing the errands of very fashionable people, at the Sign of the Three Balls.

If he saw an attractive ring on the finger of a gentleman in whose company he happened to alight, he would politely beg to be allowed a closer inspection.

"Pardon me, sir," he would say, "that's a very beautiful ring. It cannot have cost you less than twenty guineas. I pledged one at Attenbury's the other day, not a whit better than this, for ten pounds."

If the conversation turned upon watches, he became enthusiastic.

"Talk of watches, gentlemen! no one can appraise the value of a watch better than I can; I have pledged more than any man in England." If any of his acquaintances presented themselves before him in a new coat, they had to submit to a critical inspection.

"That's an elegant garment, sir, it is upon my word—capital fit, splendid material. It has cost you—shall we say?—from three to three ten. I'm sure they would not offer me less than thirty-five shillings on it round the corner."

Ah! but it's a sorry place, that "round the corner," and not perhaps a fitting subject for jests. Its contents tell a sorrowful tale of galling misfortunes, of ruined and disrupted homes, of drunkenness, unthrift, vice, sorrow, suffering, and of utter, abject penury. But enough—people only laugh when "the Antiient" grows pathetic!

## DECLINED WITH THANKS.

A VALUED correspondent sent us the following for appearance under the heading of "What Folks are Saying;" but as we have no admiration for poor puns, we must let the contribution figure by itself on its own demerits:—

That the Diocesan Conference came to a Nunnderstanding about one important matter.

That that was unDeanably the maintenance of the union between Church and State.

That the Rev. W. G. Kennedy does not Ken a deal of the duty of a Christian.

That the Rev. Canon Hornby likes the subject of Bungals to be discussed.

That the Rev. E. D. Bannister's remarks about the Church and "one political party" are calculated to make the Tories stare.

That, though the Bishop does not like making himself a guy, he has no objection to be a spiritual guyd.

That the recollection of this fact must have Guyded the Rev. G. A. Atkinson to speak of "burning questions."

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

## A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF CANNOT STAND.

IT is always a melancholy thing to see a man for whom one may entertain respect and even regard going to the bad; and it is, we take it, also a source of sorrow to notice signs of deterioration in a public body. We have for a considerable time past kept a sharp look-out upon the proceedings of a very valuable public body in Salford—the Board of Guardians—and we are sorry to say we have been gradually coming to the conclusion that that body is, as we heard it phrased on one occasion, “improving the wrong way about.” We remember the time when “all was peace.” What business the guardians had to transact they went through in an orderly, business-like fashion; they had, in the person of Mr. Thomas Dickens, a J.P. of no little importance, a chairman of whom they evidently thought highly, and who presided over their deliberations in a very satisfactory manner; and they appeared to be duly impressed with the fact that they had important duties to perform, and that they must all work together for the good of the union. We would not for a moment hint that the gentlemen now composing the Board—and the composition of the Board is pretty much the same now as it was in the happy days gone by—do not recognise that considerable responsibility rests upon them, and that the ratepayers expect them to show themselves real as well as titular guardians, not only of the poor, but of the inhabitants generally, but certainly the disposition of the Board is woefully changed indeed. We look in vain for the former quietness and absence of bickering and feeling, we mark a tendency to quibble over minor as well as more important matters, and we notice a sad want of order. We don't mean to insinuate that the Salford Board of Guardians is threatening to become the rival of the famous Local Boards of Health of Swinton and Pendlebury—Heaven forbid; but, while matters have not assumed so serious a shape as that, we must confess to being of late far from satisfied with the mode and spirit in which subjects are debated and business transacted by our Salford Poor-Law friends. Mr. Dickens still remains the Chairman of the Board, but we are rather inclined to think that he is scarcely so good a chairman as he used to be. We doubt whether he is quite firm enough with his flock, and yet we are not at all disposed to saddle him with all or even the larger portion of the blame. We very much fear that there are many turbulent souls upon the Board, who show sometimes and oftentimes a singular forgetfulness of the ordinary rules of debate, and who really require ruling with a rod of iron. It not unfrequently happens that Mr. Dickens' seat has to be filled by some other gentleman, and upon such occasions there is, so far as we can gather, but little if any difference in the behaviour of members, leading to the supposition that there is something radically wrong with the members as a whole. From what we observed recently in a Salford contemporary it would seem that we are not alone in our opinion respecting the want of order at the Board. One of the guardians wrote to our contemporary complaining of inaccuracy in a report of a Board meeting, and in the same issue as that in which the letter was published appeared an explanatory note from the reporter whose report was questioned, in which it was stated that the consideration of the matter referred to was “conducted in such an irregular manner—every member of the Board trying to speak upon it at once—that it was very difficult to understand what each of them individually meant.” Surely such a state of things as this is anything but creditable to an important public body. Only on Friday last, when proceeding to take into consideration a subject which had been adjourned for a fortnight, and upon which, one would have thought, every member would therefore have been informed and ready to express his views and vote, the discussion threatened to become so irregular—members asking questions and addressing one another, in such disregard of standing orders and similar regulations—that the Board actually resolved itself into committee so that gentlemen might be at liberty to speak how and when and as often as they pleased. And we have another bone to pick with the guardians. We always admire a man who has the courage of his opinions, and who strives manfully to carry the motion which out of all honesty he has brought forward, but if the vote is adverse to the motion, and it is lost, the proper course is, we take it, to accept the verdict of the majority and let the matter drop. But some of our friends at the Salford Board of Guardians do not look at things in this light, it would seem. They go in for the “no surrender” business the whole hog, and if they are beaten, or are dissatisfied with the result on discussion at one meeting, they give notice that they will “have another go” at the next meeting. Then, too, the dissensions now-a-days are

not so good humoured as in the days of yore, and altogether there has been a change for the worse. We are inclined to the belief that this alteration had its origin in the Hope Hospital business, which generated a good deal of heat; but whatever may have been the cause, the effect remains, and we can only say “’Tis true ’tis pity, and pity ’tis ’tis true.”

## BRITISH INTERESTS.

BRITISH interests! Yes; we mean to protect them to the last drop of our blood. But what are they? Are Turkey and England so bound up together that the fall of the one implies the collapse of the other? The Tory press says so. The Earl of Beaconsfield says the same thing. That is no reason why we should not think the matter out for ourselves. The current of events shows that each man of us will have to face the situation as best we may. Beaconsfield means war—war for the Turk. Not if we know it. He says that when Turkey goes, we go too. Not a bit of it. That the sky is black overhead, we all know. Russia is winning. Russia is going to crush Turkey in her iron grasp. Beaconsfield is alarmed. Beaconsfield begins to rave of British interests. We think we know what these are quite as well as he does. More English blood flows in our veins than in his. Yet the power of position is on his side, and he solemnly assures us that our interests are at stake. More than that, he has made up his mind to take part in the war if—thank God for that “if”—we will only let him. His little game is simple enough. Russia will double up Turkey. Russia will naturally demand some substantial compensation for the terribly heavy losses which she has sustained in lives and lucre. As to the emancipation of the Bulgarians, that will be secured. But Russia will require compensation. Where is she to get it? In Armenia, of course. Turkey in Asia, or a large part of it, will be added on to Russia. What then? Beaconsfield will interpose. He will talk largely of British interests. He will assert that with Russia in possession of Asia Minor our whole Indian Empire would crumble to ashes and the Empress of India herself become a mere myth. This is the card he expects to play. It is by this means that he intends to drag us into this dreadful and disastrous war. He will quote authorities in support of his arguments. Mr. Layard, one of his authorities, lately said this:—“It must not be forgotten that the possession of Armenia by Russia as regards any designs that she may have upon India, supposing her to entertain them, would be very different from that of any part of Turkestan or Central Asia. In Armenia and the north of Persia she would have a hardy and abundant population, affording her excellent materials for a large army, ready at any time to advance upon our Indian frontier, and resting upon a convenient and sure base of operations, in direct communication, by the Caspian Sea and by Batoum, with the heart of the Russian Empire. The moral effect of the conquest of Armenia and the annexation of Ghilan and Mazanderan by Russia upon our Mahomedan subjects, and upon the populations of Central Asia, cannot be overlooked by a statesman who attaches any value to a retention of India as part of the British Empire.” It might be vulgar, but it would be none the less true, to set down all this as so much twaddle, rubbish, rot. Russia has no more intention of attempting to drive us out of India than we have of sending ourselves in the easy chair which is at present occupied by the Man in the Moon. We have no more right to object to Russia annexing Armenia than Russia would have had to our annexing the Fiji Islands or the Transvaal Republic. Nor will the one affect the British interests any more than the others affected Russian interests. Though we are Englishmen, let us be sensible, reasonable. When British interests have to cling to My Lord Beaconsfield as their chief champion, then, in Heaven's name, woe betide them!

## THE TABLES TURNED.

IT was the duty of John Smith, a private in the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, to charge the enemies of his country when necessary, but the other day he was charged himself at the City Police Court—with having, as the Yankees say, “burgled” somebody, and he got four months' imprisonment as a consequence. If things like this continue, what will become of our valiant army? We shall need guarding from our own guards, or, mayhap, be compelled to sound the call to arms in the country's gaols when foemen assail us. In the latter case the summons would doubtless be gaily responded to, but it is desirable that it should be made in more respectable places.

**WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.**  
Fols, 134d. and 2s. 6d.



## LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR.

NOW that Russia is getting a firmer hold of Turkey, tightening its terrible grip each succeeding day, we again hear the cry that British interests are in danger. So long as Turkey seemed able to hold her own, little was said on the subject; but as soon as Russia seriously threatens to crush Turkey in her iron grasp, the Government is implored to interpose on behalf of the Turk and in the name of British interests. We are told, in so many words, that if the integrity of Turkey is not respected and guarded then the English Empire itself will crumble into fragments. It is positively amazing, as well as humiliating, to watch the conduct of some journals in this respect. Alike for what they say and how they say it, we cannot help regarding their present attitude as nothing short of a positive disgrace to journalism and literature. Here, for example, were the opening sentences of the first leader in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day:—

"Nothing can be graver for the peace of Europe and the interests of Great Britain than the existing situation. The successes of the Russian arms are gloated over by some among us in a style which would be as mischievous as it is unpatriotic, were it not that the ignorance displayed neutralises the harm which might be done. Just at present there is much to gratify our Anglo-Russians in the progress of this destructive war. By the capture of Kars—to be followed in all probability by the fall of Erzeroum—the Generals of the Czar have gained a hold of Armenia which gives them the command of the Euphrates valley, a demoniac influence over Persia, open roads towards Anatolia and Syria, and, above all, a revenge for the early checks of the campaign which will ring through Asia, and lead that continent to compare the days of Williams, Lake, and Teesdale with the present aspect of English policy. If it were true that Bulgarian reformation could be advanced by butcheries in Armenia; if it were the fact that Great Britain is not at all concerned in the recurrence of that event to cancel which Lord Palmerston was prepared to wage war in the Caucasus, none the less will Persia, Central Asia, and Mohammedan India regard Kars and Erzeroum as centres of vital import to English trade and English security; and none the less would they view the acquisition by the Czar of Turkish territory there as the abdication of traditional British statesmanship. Parochial politicians naturally cannot understand this; they find almost as much comfort in adulating the sole autocratic Government left in Europe, as in reviling and misrepresenting those who do comprehend the larger issues of the crisis."

The article, of which this extract is a fair specimen, asks the Government to step in and save Turkey, and then concludes with these words:—

"And it would be only fair to Russia, in commencing such an intervention, to let her know that, as she was bitterly deceived about English feeling in the old Crimean years, when the clamour of a few mistaken men was taken for national peacefulness, so she will again be fatally misled if she does not perceive that indifference to British interests exists at present only as the windy echo of a silenced agitation."

This is very much the tone adopted lately by all the Tory and renegade Liberal papers throughout the country. From day to day, and week to week, they are doing their best, so far as we can divine, to prepare the country for a declaration of war on England's part against Russia as the ally of the unspeakable Turk. Those people who do not agree with them are, according to the *Telegraph*, but poor "parochial politicians," while the *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking out with even greater plainness, sets them down as traitors. What the *Pall Mall* says is this:—

"Discussion is prematurely busy just at present with the anticipated Russian conditions of peace; and the efforts of our Anglo-Russians to secure the acceptance of these terms in advance have reached such a point as to convict their authors either of betrayal of their country or of a fanaticism so wild as to border upon insanity. There is no choice for them but moral obliquity or mental incapacity. The men who are asserting that a Russian acquisition of Armenia is a matter of total indifference to England, and who are supporting this by a gross misrepresentation of their opponents' account of its dangers; the men who are clamouring for the admission of Russia to the Mediterranean, and who are assisting this clamour by studious concealment of the true nature of the demand and by confusing the public mind with regard to it—the men, we say, who are doing these things must choose between the guilt of treachery backed by perversion of truth, and the discredit of enslavement to a blinding fanaticism."

Although the *Telegraph* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* may be more thorough, more pointed, more blunt, this is the style which is adopted now by the whole of the Ministerial Press. Ugly, disquieting rumours are rife. It is said that a majority of the Cabinet are in favour of war against Russia. She is expected to seize and stick by Armenia. India, we are assured, will thus be endangered. We must fight Russia, therefore, drive her out of Asia Minor, repeating there all the horrors of the Crimean War. God forbid! An appeal may be made to the country on this very question—war or no war?—within the next few months. Are Liberals ready for the contest?

## A SET-TO BETWEEN TWO BISHOPS.

THE Bishop of Manchester has been cruelly ill-used on his own ground, before his own flock, by his own brother, episcopally speaking, and without having received fair warning of the attack. "Harvey Carlisle," Bishop of the ilk, is the offender; and when we remember that he wrote a short time ago about "villas and all that is villainous," we see at once that he offers almost complete proof of the wisdom of the maxim that the man who would make a pun would commit a murder. Everybody knows how our own episcopal shepherd placed himself at the head of such of his thirsty and dirty flock as were seeking a stream from which to drink and in which to lave their grimy limbs; how with the rapture of a pilgrim in sight of Mecca, they found that Thirlmere could give all that they wanted; but how the episcopal wolf among the Cumberland Fells started up and declared that they should neither drink nor wash with the water that flowed from Thirlmere, as by doing so, they would defile the lake. To this the poor sheep in Manchester humbly replied, like the lamb in the fable, that they could not defile the lake, because the water would flow to them and not from them to the right reverend wolf at its source. Instead, however, of accepting this reasonable explanation, "Harvey Carlisle" has now been to Manchester and worried our own shepherd. It was most heartlessly done. The two bishops were present at a great Church temperance meeting in the Free Trade Hall, and our own genial pastor was naturally led by the appearance of the shining faces of the water drinkers before him to think of their thirst for the sparkling water of Thirlmere. Being in the chair he offered to the Bishop of Carlisle, in introducing him to the meeting, the olive branch in the form of a neat little speech. But the wolf of the fells immediately got up, and being too far from the sheep, he fixed his teeth in the shepherd. He told him that he was in a state of ignorance, that his knowledge of geography had not been well attended to, and that he ought not to have introduced the subject. In conclusion, his Lordship of Carlisle darkly invited his victim to his castle in Cumberland to be "converted;" but whether the operation would be performed on the Bishop of Manchester's mind or body we were not informed, and hardly dared to speculate. The Bishop of Manchester is a big man, but the Bishop of Carlisle displays a massiveness which does honour to a region famous for wrestlers; and as we noted his determined manner on Tuesday night, and reflected on the excitement which must be bred by his being on the same platform with a man who would deal a blow at his æsthetic pleasures, we almost feared that he might turn upon his opponent, get his head in chancery, and possibly roll crashing with him upon the reporters' table below. Nothing of the kind, however, happened. Indeed, the thoughtless audience actually laughed at the punishment inflicted on their leader, who tried to hide his sufferings by joining in the laugh; but we fancied we could read from his expression that he repented appearing on the same platform with "Harvey Carlisle."

## A WISH.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

I'VE found a topic for a song—  
Regard it not, I pray, with scorn.  
I often wish—I know it's wrong—  
That I had been a heathen born.

I know the wish is far from good  
Which I express in random rhymes,  
But I repeat it here—I would  
I had been born in heathen times.

There is a Christian whom I love,  
Although my foe, as Christians can;  
I wish, as I remarked above,  
That I had been a heathen man.

The heathen does not love his foe;  
I know it's wrong—but I must own,  
I wish that I were free to go  
And knock his brains out with a stone.

His brains—which I believe are few—  
I'd scatter gladly, though I know  
That from a Christian point of view  
'Twould not be right to treat them so.

And then, if I had got my wish—  
It would not matter how it looked—  
I'd have him served up on a dish;  
But first, of course, I'd have him cooked.

And then—although I know I err—  
—But I have gone too far I find—  
I could not eat him if I were  
The heathenest of human kind.

**WORMALD'S PILLS** are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS,  
Boxes, 184d. and 2s. 9d.



## CHURCH REFORMERS.

THE Church of England wants to reform herself; but she does not know how to go about it. Things are all wrong at present. Her laws are made by a body of men many of whom are Dissenters; while professing to be the Church of the people, her pews are appropriated by the rich; congregations are bought and sold like so many sheep; not a few of her clergy are doing their utmost to land us in rank Roman Catholicism. Churchmen see all this. Touchstone himself sees it. What's to be done? This question is being anxiously discussed wherever and whenever Churchmen meet. It engaged much attention at the Diocesan Conference last week. All exerted themselves in order to discover some means of escape. One unfortunate clergyman caused the members to weep as he told them of his sad fate in having to bury all the lunatics—Dissenting as well as Church lunatics—who cast off their mortal coil in an asylum in his parish. The Dean of Manchester aroused the sympathies of his brethren as he floundered about in search of some decent solution of the knotty problems. In the end, the Bishop called forth a universal sigh by stating that, although they had consulted and talked for two whole days, they had come to no decision on any of the vexed questions before them. His Lordship also hinted that they were agreed upon nothing except the necessity of maintaining the union of Church and State. But how to do this in the face of present difficulties, not a man of them could tell.

The Bishop of Carlisle has been saying something on the subject at Leeds this week. "The Church," he informs us, "said that Parliament ought not to legislate for it; Parliament said the Church ought not to legislate for itself; and the people said they ought not to legislate for each other; and they did not know where they were." This is candid. Churchmen don't know where they are! "Surely," his Lordship goes on, "as reasonable English people, if they only put their heads together in an earnest manner, if they were only at one amongst themselves, if they only knew what they wanted, and were determined to carry out the Church's work in the Church's way, their difficulties might very soon be got over." But then Churchmen won't put their heads together unless as rams do when they are butting each other; and all the world knows that Churchmen are not at one amongst themselves. Harvey of Carlisle positively alarms us by his bluntness. "The rules which regulate the Church," he proceeds, "had to be made by Parliament, and the Church was very naturally jealous of the interference of a body which, in a certain sense, did not represent it. They seemed, therefore, to have come to a dead lock, with no possibility of what he called 'living legislation.' Several schemes had been proposed for getting out of the difficulty, but he could not see his way to accept any of them."

We are truly sorry for these Church reformers. Our ambition is to help them if we can. Before their cause grows more desperate they would do well, we submit, to send for a supply of the Liberation Society's literature. A cure for their many troubles might be found there. We hope that this piece of advice will be accepted in the spirit in which it is given.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. BRIGHT never hits below the belt. He fights well, but he also fights fairly. If he gives the Bishop of Truro a wrong blow, he at once admits his error. If he seems to the Bishop of Peterborough to have taken some undue advantage, he is too much of an Englishman not to tender a prompt and hearty apology. Yet, even in his apologies, he generally gives as good as he gets. His letter to Bishop Magee is a proof of this. "You will not blame me," he writes, "if I do not believe in the virtue of 'consecration.' I cannot believe in what is called 'holy ground' any more than you can believe in 'holy water,' and for the same reason, that there is nothing in it; but it is not necessary to ridicule all that one cannot believe, although it is certain that ridicule has had its share in clearing the world of some portions of the superstitions which have misled and afflicted it."

By the way, although Mr. Bright sent this letter only to the *Manchester Examiner*, not a few of our daily contemporaries copied it without the slightest intimation of the source from which they got it. These be thy gods, O Israel!

What does the Dean of Manchester mean? Addressing a meeting of Churchmen at Leeds, on Monday night, he said more against the Church

in half-an-hour than we would dare to do in a lifetime. His wrath was launched chiefly against the pew system. They wanted to rouse the people, he said, to the great inheritance which belonged to them, viz., that the whole area of their Parish Church was theirs. The area of the Parish Church belonged to the parishioners, and was held in trust by the parson for their use and benefit. There had been such gross invasions of the rights of the parishioners by the pew system, that they were surprised the people had not risen up in rebellion against it before now. The way in which portions of the area of Parish Churches had been seized had been a fraud upon the rights of the parishioners, just in the same way as it would be a fraud for two or three persons to seize upon a common. The pew system was contrary to the law of the land, contrary to Scriptural precept, and contrary to the requirements of the people. There was nothing about pew rents in the Scriptures or in the Prayer-book, and Churches should be made free and open as one of the means of reviving and strengthening the dear old Church of England. Dean Cowie here charges the Church with fraud. We ourselves would never have dreamt of such a thing. But who can tell what Churchmen, especially Church dignitaries, won't say and do in dull November days like these?

Be it known unto all men that sundry Cabinet Councils have been held lately. Let it also be proclaimed throughout the land that the Government measures of next session will deal with such important questions as the importation of foreign cattle and dogs' licences! Who says, after this, we don't live in stirring times?

MR. HUGH BIRLEY, M.P., is advancing with the times. Who would have believed it? Yet it is even so. Holding forth at a meeting on Wednesday, the hon. member said he thought the time had arrived when the hostility which prevailed between board schools and voluntary schools should cease. He was not very fond of board schools, and therefore should maintain voluntary schools, but he should argue now, as he had argued before, and as he should argue more strongly if he had the power hereafter, that both board schools and voluntary schools had their own sphere, and that it was necessary both should exist. Mr. Birley will become a good Liberal yet if he only lives long enough, which is, we fear, extremely doubtful.

## THE THEATRES.

AT the Royal on Monday was produced an adaptation of Wilkie Collins' *Dead Secret*. In the face of *The Woman in White* it must be confessed that the anonymous adaptor does not appear to have been over-successful; or it may be that the striking contrast between the two dramas makes us feel the disappointment more. As in the novel, so in the play, the secret becomes no secret at all after the prologue, and almost the entire interest remains centred in the passionate representation by Miss Bateman of the unhappy mother, "Sarah Leeson." Without excepting even "Leah," we never saw Miss Bateman in a character which suited her better, and into which she threw so much heart and soul. The other parts were very evenly filled. Miss Francis was a graceful "Rosamond," while as her husband, a Cornish gentleman, Mr. Beveridge exerted himself as much as the character would admit. It is a pity that the exigencies of the cast led to so fine an actor playing so small a part. A word of commendation is due to Mr. E. D. Lyons, whose "Joseph Buschmann" (a German artist) was pathetic and amusing as occasion required—and never exaggerated.

*Pink Dominoes* has occupied the stage of the Prince's during the week. The company is the same as that which gave the same play at this theatre a few months ago, and the piece has given the same amusement as before. The negotiations for the sale of the theatre have not yet, we believe, been concluded; but Mr. John Hollingshead, of the London Gaiety, is generally considered to be the most probable purchaser.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

The largest collection of all kinds of fine arts, reproductions of the finest oil paintings by great masters, which cannot be surpassed in cheapness; also great variety of engravings, chromos, &c.; at M. NEWMAN'S, 19, Fennel Street, close by the Cathedral. A visit is invited.—[ADVT.]

TIG-DOLOREUX, NEURALGIC PAINS, AND TOOTHACHE.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTIC gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in nervous and general debility. 1/14 and 2/3, of chemists.

"Nature provides a Remedy for every Complaint."—Shakspeare.

THE ONLY KNOWN EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA,  
AND LUMBAGO.

**VICKERS' ANTI RHEUMATIC**

SOLD BY CHEMISTS,

IN BOTTLES, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

Depot:—Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames St.

**DRAUGHT EXCLUDER FOR BOTTOM OF DOORS.**

Prices, with  
Testimonials,  
on  
application.

SIDE VIEW  
DOOR OPEN



USUAL SPACE ADMITTING DRAUGHTS DUST & RAIN

CAUTION.—If you would secure  
comfort at home in all weathers,  
be sure to apply none other than  
SLATER'S Patent Prize Medal

SIDE VIEW  
DOOR SHUT



DRAUGHT  
EXCLUDER,  
for bottom of  
doors, as shown  
at Cheetham Hill  
and Fomona  
Palace Exhibi-  
tions. Dust spoils  
and scratches fur-  
niture, oilcloths,  
and tiles. This  
apparatus lifts ½  
inch, clearing car-  
pets or uneven  
floors, and shuts  
down quite weath-  
er tight; it is  
self-acting, dur-  
able, and cheap.

Can be applied to any door in a few minutes, and (important to tenants) can be removed  
as quickly, without injury to the door or framework.

SLATER & CO., GREAVES STREET, OLDHAM.

**NOTICE OF REMOVAL.**

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign

**FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,  
JOHN BOYD & CO.,**

Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New  
and More Extensive Premises, situated  
MASON STREET, SWAN STREET,

WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

**T. STENSBY,  
GUN AND PISTOL MAKER,**

11, HANGING DITCH.

Established 1810.

Established 1810.

**THE "EMPIRE" MOTEL,**

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find the above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid  
commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard-room, one of the most  
comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms *en suite*.  
Twelve fireproof and other stockrooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and  
dinner from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality.  
All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of  
the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1-20—soup, joint,  
pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

**NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.**

Post Free, Six Penny Stamps.

From J. WILLIAMS, No. 22, Marischal Street, Aberdeen.

**A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE.**

CONTENTS:

- 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid.
- 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
- 3.—Sleep—Nature's Medicine.
- 4.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, Loss of Nerve Power, Depression,  
and Exhaustion.
- 5.—Salt Baths, and their Efficacy in Nervous Ailments.
- 6.—The Coca Leaf—a Restorer of Health and Strength.

SECOND EDITION.—Price Two Shillings, Cloth.

**THE COTTON MANUFACTURER'S ASSISTANT**; or the  
Art of Arranging Cotton Machinery to work the different sorts of Cotton, and  
how to perform the calculations connected with the Cotton Manufacture. By E.  
D. FOLEY. Contains, in addition to a vast amount of information on the Cotton  
Manufacture—How to alter the Lap to change from one number of Hanks to  
another; chapters on Pumps, on Steam Engines, on Management, on the Throstle  
Frame, on Leverage; an explanation of the different counts of the different reeds.

Price Twenty-five Shillings, Cloth.

**A COMPLETE READY RECKONER FOR COTTON**

**WARPS.** By SAMUEL TOWNSEND. Showing the number of Hanks in Warps  
of any length, from 1 to 1,000 yards; and for any number of Ends, from 1 to 6,000;  
with tables for all the different Counts that are made, from 4's single up to 200's  
single, or 400's two-fold, by which the weight of any description of Warp may be seen,  
from the number of Hanks it contains, in lbs. ozs. and drachms.

The fundamental regulation which determines the fineness of the thread in all  
Yarns, is derived from the number of Hanks (of 40 yards) to the pound avoirdupois,  
and it is always this number which denotes the Counts of Warp and Weft. When  
the number of Hanks can be seen at once, for any sort of Warp, a reference to these  
tables for the particular count will show the weight opposite the number of Hanks it  
contains. By this arrangement, every minutiae of detail is condensed within the  
compass of the work, and the extent to which it is carried out renders it serviceable  
to all the different branches of the trade.

Published by ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, 56 & 58, Oldham Street, Manchester; and 4,  
Catherine Street, Strand, London. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall  
Court, London.

**LANCASHIRE PUBLICATIONS PUBLISHED BY  
ABEL HEYWOOD & SON,**

56 & 58 Oldham Street, Manchester; and  
4, Catherine Street, Strand, London.

**EDWIN WAUGH'S POEMS & LANCASHIRE SONGS.**  
Elegantly printed and bound in cloth, 6s. Large paper edition, 16s.

**LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.** Being Memoirs of distinguished Natives of the County during three centuries, from Richard III. to George III. By FRANCIS ESPINASSE. Price 7s. 6d. cloth, with Portrait of Humphrey Chetham. 16s. large paper.

**HANDBOOK OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF  
MANCHESTER AND SALFORD.** By W. E. A. AXON. Price 10s. 6d., cloth, bevelled, with Portrait of Humphrey Chetham and four Photo-lithographs from rare MSS.

**MANCHESTER IN HOLIDAY DRESS.** A Picture of Amusements of Old Manchester. By R. W. PROCTOR, author of "Manchester Streets." Price 3s. 6d.

**RAMBLES AND REVERIES.** A miscellany of original and reprinted pieces by EDWIN WAUGH. Price 3s. 6d. cloth.

**MUSINGS IN MANY MOODS.** Poems by JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON. Price 5s. cloth.

**POEMS BY SAMUEL BAMFORD,** author of "Passages in the Life of a Radical." Price 3s. 6d. cloth, with Portrait.

**HOURS WITH THE MUSES.** Poems by JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE. Price 2s. cloth.

**AUTUMN LEAVES.** Poems by JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE. Price 2s. cloth.

**A GLOSSARY OF THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.**  
By J. H. NODAL and GEORGE MILNER, with notes and illustrative passages from Anglo-Saxon and Middle English Authors, and from writers in the Dialect. Part I. A to E, 3s. 6d. Large paper 7s. 6d.

**A LIST OF LANCASHIRE AUTHORS,** with brief Biographical Notes and Titles of Principal Works. Price 10s. cloth.

**A CATALOGUE of Lancashire Publications,** including a considerable number in the Dialect, free on application.



## HEALTH, TONE, AND VIGOUR.



Highly recommended for the Loss of Nervous and Physical Force; pleasant to the taste, perfectly harmless, and possessing highly reanimating properties. Its influence on the Secretions and Functions is speedily manifested; and in all cases of Debility, Nervousness, Depression, and Premature Exhaustion, resulting from overtaxed or abused energies of body or mind, it will be found an invaluable remedy, restoring health, strength, and vigour. It may be taken with perfect confidence and safety by the most delicate and timid of either sex, being guaranteed totally free from any injurious preparation whatever. It removes pimples, blotches, purifies the blood, gives new life, sound and refreshing sleep, and restores the constitution to health and vigour in a short time.

Sold by most Chemists at 2/9, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/- per Bottle; or sent on receipt of price by

**E. HILTON & CO., 9, Lower Belgrave Street, London.**

**CAUTION.**—See that the words "Sir A. Cooper's Vital Restorative" are blown in each bottle, and that our Trade Mark, as above, is on the label, without which it cannot be genuine.

**BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.**

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT AGENT,

**W. MATHER, MANCHESTER,**  
And all the Wholesale Houses.

**B**ILLIARDS!—**JOHN O'BRIEN**, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—**GLOBE BILLIARD WORKS, 42, Lower King Street, Manchester.**

## GRAND PROVINCIAL RESTAURANT, MARKET PLACE, OPPOSITE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

DINING THROUGHOUT THE DAY.

Soups, Fish, Entrées, Joints, and Sweets, in great variety.  
Dinner off the Joint, 1s. 6d. Chop or Steak, with Chips, 1s.  
Neapolitan and French Ices always ready. Families Supplied.

**J. CAVARGNA, Proprietor.**

**GRAND PROVINCIAL RESTAURANT  
HALF-CROWN TABLE D'HOTE**

FROM 12 O'CLOCK DAILY.

**J. CAVARGNA, Proprietor.**

## NOTICE.

On Tuesday will be issued, for the second season,

**"AB-O'TH'-YATE'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL,"**

Price Sixpence.

The work will be illustrated in a superior style by Joseph Shackleton and others, and will contain the following Tales, Sketches, and Poems:—Tales—"A Fowl Tale," by James Bowker; "The Jester's Darling," by Frank Fearnley; "Roughanready," by A. T. Ryecroft; "How Sam-o'-Ben's Became Reformed," by J. J. Freeman; "What One Ghost Did," by the author of "Louis Chatillon"; "Thornham Grange: A Story of Two Christmas Eves," by Joseph M. Hawcroft. Sketches—"A Tiff and a Tub," by John Walker; "Boggart Nooks," by Ab-o'th'-Yate; "Shot by Mistake," by Cygnet. Poems—"The Poor Little Robin," by Fanny Forrester; "My Angel Guest," by Jennie Heywood; "Johnny and Peggy," by Ben Brierley; "The Fairy Funeral," by B.B.; "Christmas at Sea," by J. M. Hawcroft.

## BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

At 56 and 58, Oldham Street, Manchester,

Can be obtained through all Newsvendors, Booksellers, and Railway Stalls, price One Penny; or can be supplied direct from the Office, post free, at 6s. 8d. per annum, payable in advance.

## BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL

Has won its popularity by providing a Literature healthy in tone and free from all objectionable matter, rendering it acceptable in every household.

### ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES

(With Illustrations), Specially written for its columns by the most popular authors, are continually appearing in its pages. Contributions from a numerous staff of writers will be found under

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR, GOSSIP, CRIBBINGS FROM CONTEMPORARIES, AND LOOKS INTO BOOKS.

**Humorous Articles entitled "Cobblers Whacks," by Ben Brierley, are a Special Feature in**

## BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL.

56 AND 58, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER

## CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING SOCIETY LIMITED,

Office—17, Balloon Street, Corporation Street.

Works—New Mount Street, Manchester; and 40, Highbridge, Newcastle.

PRINTERS, STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS, MACHINE RULERS, ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS, &c.

The above firm have special facilities for the execution of all orders in Bookwork, Pamphlets, Catalogues, and all kinds of Commercial Printing

**JOHN HARDMAN, MANAGER.**

BEFORE PURCHASING YOUR CLOTHING, see Styles and Prices, at LIPMAN'S Noted Establishment, 165, Deansgate (Opposite Hardman Street), Manchester.

8

THE CITY JACKDAW.

NOVEMBER 30, 1877.

## GIBSON, HOUSE FURNISHER,

78, OLDHAM STREET, AND 90, 92, 94, 96, STRETTFORD ROAD.

Cheapest House in Manchester for House Furnishing.

DINING-ROOM SUITES, IN SILK.....	10 GUINEAS.
DINING-ROOM SUITES, IN LEATHER .....	12 GUINEAS.
MIRRORS, 40in. by 30in., 52s.; 50in. by 40in., 75s. Best Plate.	
FEATHER BEDS .....	45s., 75s.
BRASS RAIL BEDSTEADS.....	19s. 6d.
BRUSSELS CARPETS .....	2s. 4½d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 11d.
KIDDERMINSTER .....	from 1s. 10d.
BEST TAPESTRIES.....	1s. 11d., 2s. 6½d.
FLOOR CLOTHS, Best Scotch .....	2s. 6d. to 8s. 9d.

ALL CARPETS MADE AND FITTED FREE OF CHARGE.



### HUSBAND'S Patent Hats

CLAIM PREFERENCE OVER EVERY OTHER.

They are the only HATS which are REALLY VENTILATED.

Manufactory: 11, Oldham Street.

BAYNES, successor to HUSBAND.



**NUTTALL'S VEGETABLE PILLS**  
are acknowledged to be one of the BEST FAMILY MEDICINES KNOWN. This fine medicine is a direct purifier of the blood, good for indigestion, pain in the stomach, as fullness after meals; faintness, heartburn, stomach, liver, and kidney complaints; blotches of the skin, coughs, colds, bronchitis and influenza, lowness of spirits, &c. They are wonderfully adapted for females of all ages. A gentle but effective tonic made genial to the taste. These Pills are of great advantage to emigrants, in preventing and curing sea sickness.

NUTTALL'S Children's Cooling, Soothing, and Teething Powders.

NUTTALL'S Celebrated Adult Cooling Powders.

NUTTALL'S Hooping Cough Powders will cure in a few days.

NUTTALL'S Worm Powders will destroy all kinds of Worms. One trial is convincing.

Sold by all chemists and medicine dealers, at home and abroad. PILLS in boxes, at 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. POWDERS at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. A great saving in the 2s. 9d. boxes. Or direct from the proprietors, C. NUTTALL & SONS, Bacup, near Manchester, for 1d. extra, which with us is a daily practice. N.B.—Ask for NUTTALL'S Pills and Powders.

1. The Government Stamp on each box, without which none are genuine.

Ask your chemist for a free copy of "Nuttall's Mothers and Nurses' Guide Book and Family Adviser," or sent post free from the proprietors, C. NUTTALL & SONS, Bacup, Manchester, England.

### DELICIOUS BREAKFAST LUXURIES

Far-famed Lochfyne Cured Herrings. Far-famed Lochfyne Smoked Herrings, 10s., 20s., and 30s. per barrel. Superfine Prime Cured Salmon, 10lb. 10s., 20lb. 20s., 30lb. 30s.

All warranted to keep for 12 months. Orders packed carefully, and forwarded promptly to any address on receipt of remittance.

J. MILLER & CO., 177, Holm Street, Glasgow.

THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE AGE.

### THE WONDERFUL NEPTUNE PEN

(Bertram's Patent, September 18, 1874),

WRITES WITHOUT INK.

Manufactured by

D. LEONARDT AND CO., BIRMINGHAM.

Can be had of all respectable Stationers.

CAUTION.—Proceedings have been commenced against the makers and agents of the infringement of this Patent



TRY IT! IT NEVER FAILS!

**MUDDIMAN'S CELEBRATED SPANISH WASH**, for renewing, cleansing, thickening, and preventing the hair from falling off or turning grey, is a sure and never-failing remedy, instantly removing all scurf and dandruff, leaving the skin pure and healthy. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 5s. each. May be obtained of G. F. Kent, chemist, 124, Broad Street, Paddington, or any chemist or hairdresser. Wholesale London Agents—Messrs. Low, Son, and Haydon, 350, Strand; or of the Manufacturer, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

**BRILLIANT ECONOMY BLACKING.** BRUSHING AND POLISHING DONE AWAY WITH.—In bottles, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. Samples, carriage paid, 1s. AGENTS WANTED in every town. Sole manufacturers and monopolists, PULFORD AND TACON, 37, DALE STREET, MANCHESTER.

**RICHARDSON, 27, CORPORATION STREET** (a few doors from the Exchange). FINE CUTLERY, Sporting and Hunting KNIVES, FANCY GOODS, LADIES' BAGS, DRESSING CASES, Luncheon and Tea Baskets, Fencing Requisites, Boxing Gloves, Spoons and Forks, Cruet Frames, &c., &c.

### HALSTEAD'S MAGNETIC MIXTURE.

**THIS** Magnificent Preparation strengthens the Nerves and Muscles, and improves the quality of the Blood. No water is used in its preparation, and, as it contains phosphorus and other invaluable tonics in a state of solution, persons taking it may rely on a really strong and excellent tonic. It rapidly cures Nervous Debility, Consumption (in its earlier stages), all Wasting Diseases, Neuralgia, and Nervous and Mind Diseases. It is an excellent brain tonic, and speedily removes Depression of Spirits, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. For females of all ages it is invaluable, and for weakly children it cannot be too highly recommended.

In Bottles, 1s. 9d. and (three times as much) 4s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors; WOOLLEY, SONS, and Co., 62, Market Street; and Mr. PILLING, New Bailey Street, Manchester.

N.B.—Three 4s. 6d. bottles delivered free to any rail way station on receipt of post-office order for 12s. by

**H. Halstead, Operative Chemist, RAWTENSTALL.**

Printed for the Proprietors by JOHN HARDMAN, at 17, Balloon Street, and Published at 51, Spear Street, Manchester.—November 30th, 1877.—MANCHESTER WHOLESALE AGENTS: John Heywood, W. H. Smith and Sons, and G. Renshaw. LONDON: Abel Heywood and Son, 4, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C.

